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# VAMPIRELLA

THE SCENT  
OF DEATH  
HANGS HEAVY  
OVER  
NIMROD!  
NIGHTMIST  
OF ALL  
KILLERS!  
Page 16



# Let's face facts...

The simple truth of the matter is, there's a DRACULA comic going on! And a lot of publishing companies are capitalizing on it... flooding your newsstand with so many DRACULA titles that it's sure to confuse you! We don't want you to be confused! And we don't want you to buy one thing thinking you're getting something else! There is only one FULL-COLOR, SOFT-SOUND BOOK bearing the DRACULA title! It's check-out of the most exciting and dramatically different comic art ever to see print in America. And every page is a spectrum of color! You may have seen our ad! Don't let it confuse you! Our colorful DRACULA volume is available only by mail, direct from Warren Publishing Company! The quality Dracula!



...there's a lot of  
**Draculas**  
running around!

# Dracula

SEE OUR DRACULA AD ON THE INSIDE BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE



**DER COVER**  
Blood and lust: even the very ground he treads  
Man and beast alike quest at foot of the  
statue of his name. He is Vincent! Son of  
Satan. And Emma Morris brings him to  
thunder Me in a sexual nightmare tale  
vampire. Page 31

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# VAMPIRELLA

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**JUNE 1973**

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What's it like to be a world renowned comic book artist? Jaime Brocal doesn't know. But he tells all about the way we kick him around when he brings in his art assignments. More of our fabulous secrets.

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## "The Viji" is the most beautiful story ever printed!"

**H**ey, Vampi, did I find something for you? I was reading the NEW YORK SUNDAY NEWS on January 7, 1973, and ran across this really great article called "A French Zoo Story." Two French sculptors, a husband and wife team named Frances-Xavier and Claude Lalanne, sculpt things modelled after real life—giant pigeons as statues for the town square, a fiber glass hippopotamus that can be used as a bathtub, and even a bed that looks like a can of sardines! But the thing that really grabbed me was this picture—of a necklace that looks like a real bat with a string of garlic around it! Isn't that just too much? Personally I think a necklace like that would look just beautiful on you, so maybe you should wear one!

**SUSAN HARRISON**  
Brooklyn, New York

**T**hanks, Susie, the picture's a prove that I'm sharing it with the rest of my readers. A Drakulonian Tutan's couldn't do better! I think Boss-Man Warren is eyeing up that hippopotamus bathtub for himself!

Please allow me to comment on "The Gremlin's" letter in VAMPIRELLA #22. She had referred once to the way your artists draw women with stereotyped features and proportions. She claims the women are drawn with disproportionately long legs and unnaturally large busts. Did she ever think that perhaps it's not the legs that are so long, but that it's the torso that's short? And personally, I think the legs should be just long enough to reach the ground. Otherwise, the poor girl would be walking around with her legs bent all the time if they were too long, or floating in mid-air if they were too short—and it's hard to get traction if you can't get your foot firmly on the floor!

"The Gremlin" is making mountains out of molehills on the booboo issue. A woman's anatomy is not drawn especially unnaturally in the Warren books, and even if it was, I'd still defend the artists' rights to do so. Certainly compared to "Little Annie Fanny," the Vampi girls are not exaggerated. Doubtless, "The Gremlin" thinks women are being exploited because the artists have drawn these well formed stereotypes. Doesn't she look at the drawings of the men? The athletic male stereotype appears at least as often as the attractive female. So what?

**HARVEY CHAUVIN**  
Kansas City, Missouri

I am not really a great VAMPIRELLA fan. My main interests lie in horror films and FAMOUS MONSTERS, although I do enjoy reading VAMPIRELLA, EERIE, and EERIE. Anyway, the reason I am writing to you is to protest what your series is doing to Count Dracula.

When I first heard a Dracula story was featured in VAMPIRELLA, I couldn't wait to see it. Now, I'm sorry I did. Dracula from Dracula? Is nothing sacred? Your writers have turned the King of Vampires into a modern day superhero with human hangups from outer space. It has to be the worst idea ever! I didn't like the way his costume was drawn either. And what is that? Dracula growling at the feet of some "conjuror"?

I agree with Mark Yanko when he says there will never be another Dracula like Christopher Lee. His portrayal of the Prince of Darkness is the best I have ever seen in films, plays, comic books, magazines, or television. He is the closest to the book yet.

But I close by saying I can only hope that in the future you will have the Count as he should be—a fiend with the strength of twenty men, bloodshot eyes, dripping fangs, and growling at the feet of no one. And no more of this time travel stuff. Leave that to Superman! Please tell us that wasn't the real Count Dracula and handle a fascinating Dracula series the right way!

**KIM CLINARD**  
Tampa, Florida

That was the REAL Count Dracula alright, Kim. Unfortunately, as with most of the men who come in contact with her, the Count was bitten by VAMPI-PEER! The same Dracula has his own series over in EERIE magazine these days. He's gotten over his lust for VAMPI though, and we think you'll find old Drac's back to his former self!

I am sorry to say that I was disappointed in the cover of VAMPIRELLA #22. It was, of course, good, but I expect better. However, the inside cover story, "Silent Night, Unholy Night," did make up for it. "Hell from on High" was especially good also. "The Cry of the Dampir," by John Jacobson, was so impressive that I am going to try to write a sequel to the story. And please, please try to keep the special color section!

**JEFF KILIAN**  
Wichita, Kansas

More color coming up.  
Jeff

Ever since a friend introduced me to your magazine, I've been a regular reader—as well as trying to get the rest of the kids at school to get VAMPIRELLA too. So as a fan of yours, I must agree with Ed Poholek over "The Gremlin"—I like the way you look (sassy)!!!

**MARTY FLETCHER**  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Scores of letters responded to the question raised by the letters of Ed Poholek and "The Gremlin." Thanks to all for your thoughtful replies.

I really thought that VAMPIRELLA #22 was good—but why did you have to ruin it by putting in "The Sentence"? But aside from that, I liked everything else and thought that "Hell from on High," "Cry of the Dampir," and "Minn" were the best.

**JOEY BUCHANAN**  
Proctorville, Ohio

In your latest issue, #22 you seem to have adopted a new theme, which I think I'm going to enjoy very much. One thing, however, is that I thought "Silent Night, Unholy Night" was very juvenile. How could you let such a story be printed? Werewolves are my favorite monsters, so when I saw the beginning of the story I was really excited. But it was bad!! On the other side of the coin, though, the story "The Cry of the Dampir" was probably the best in the mag.

**RONNIE BLAIR**  
Cumberland, Kentucky

Really liked the preview of the new Warren book DRACULA in issue #22! "Hell from on High" was another one of my favorites.

**JOHN THOMAS**  
Stanford, Connecticut

Issue #22 of VAMPIRELLA was the greatest you have ever put out!! The cover was the best I've seen and I would have bought just a poster of it. The art and coloring both were perfect, and there was something about it that just grabbed me.

I honestly think—rather, I know—that "Cry of the Dampir" was the best vampire story I have ever seen and I've seen plenty! That particular story is very reminiscent of Hammer Films' excellent vampire flicks and I think this story has excellent potential for a film itself!

**GRIG SIMS**  
Mantua Hills, Virginia



Reader Susan Harrison sent in this pic to further beautify the debatable Drakulonian. Can't find THIS at Tiffany's!

## "Restore the REAL Count Dracula!"

I can just hear it now—the cries of outraged readers who say to Ms. Greenin: If you don't like the way *Vampirella* is drawn, you don't have to buy the mag, and so on, ad nauseum. But my friends, smooth your ruffled feathers. The letter was really not a call to debate the bust size of Warren women, but rather it was a very well thought-out commentary on the state of entertainment reflecting the values of society in general.

And why should CREEPY, EERIE or VAMPIRELLA be any different from those general values? The place to challenge those values is not in a few comic magazines that kids buy after school with their saved lunch money (of course, I'm just referring to your probable average reader ship—I realize you draw up on a very wide range of readers) but in the basic teachings of the homes and schools. These chauvinist upbringings of children will undoubtedly bring about the development of non-chauvinist, esthetic values when those children grow older.

For the moment, the esthetic values that VAMPIRELLA caters to are those of the "Raquel Welch" school of sexual desirability. At this point in time people do consider the long-legged, full-busted, hour-glassed woman the ideal of feminine beauty. And there's a very narrow range of humanity that falls into that category. How much happier this world will be when we can see beauty and desirability in the many different types of bodies given to humans! Don't forget, too, that when this day comes not only women, but men too will be liberated from the curse of unobtainable ideals and goals. Is there any among us who can imagine a comic without a Charles Atlas ad—and the admiration it contains to all those "skinies who read it?"

I enjoyed reading the Greenin's letter.

**CHARLOTTE GRACE**  
Berkeley, California

This is the first time I have written to a magazine, but I felt I had to let myself be heard. I am a son of yours, as well as of the other fine magazines in the Warren line. I rate VAMPIRELLA first in its kind, with CREEPY and EERIE next in order. And since I'm also very interested in horror movies, I rate FAMOUS MONSTERS as tops too.

**JERRY LOPSHIRE**  
no address given

I've been reading CREEPY and EERIE, but #22 was the first VAMPIRELLA I bought. I was quite impressed with the cover, but when I read the story pertaining to it, I was disappointed. The cover said: A vampire and a vampire battle for blood, but that is not what happened in the story. A drampir is not a vampire, much less a vampress. Also, the cover shows the female drampir touching the vampire—which we all know would turn the poor vampire into dust. And a drampir with fangs? Not only that, but the two priests that are standing in the background of the cover are already supposed to be dead. The story however was good, in spite of its faults. The rest of the stories were sensational, especially "Minna" and "The Senses."



**PAUL MEGO**  
Northport, Alabama

A little "artistic license" is sometimes necessary to create one dramatic, poster-like scene with all the elements of the story for a cover. It's only meant to intrigue, never to deceive.

The name I used at the end of the story isn't my real name, but one I use when voicing my comments to stars—or which I consider you cool! First of all, I found VAMPIRELLA #22 the best issue in a long time. It had a great cover, many good stories, and even better art. I, as well as many of my friends, thought that Cry of the Drampir was the best story of the mag, with the Vampire tale close behind. I especially enjoyed "Sixteen Night, Untold Night," and I always enjoyed *Minna's* Tomb of the Gods series so much that I was sad to see it end.

Newspapering the criticisms put forth by The Greenin—I feel that such sex as is contained in Warren magazines can do no harm. Sex is everywhere these days, and some of what I see on television is worse than VAMPI. If this troubles The Greenin, so much, she should stay away from your magazines.

I also agree with Mark Yanag's statement that "Vamp's" adventures could be much more fantastic. Remember that she is not restrained by a code, so our seductive heroine could have some absolutely terrifying excursions into time and space. I hope.

Oh, by the way, I'm looking forward to the new DRAcula.

**STARBLAZER**  
Covington, Kentucky

## A GUEST EDITORIAL BY

# PHIL SEULING

*Creator and organizer of the New York Comic Art Convention, one of the largest and most respected dealers in the comic market, high school teacher, and a man whom we consider to be an excellent friend to all those involved in Comics in America.*

On March 11, 1973 at 4:00 p.m., I was told suddenly by a tall man with a firm angry voice that "this is an arrest." Then, within a few bewildered minutes, I was taken away from my friends and my business, put into handcuffs, and led away to a waiting patrol car. The police had placed me under arrest for "selling indecent material to a minor."

My business was the seventeenth consecutive monthly comic book marketplace (called "Second Sunday"). I run this show, which gathers dealers and comic book fans together for a day of buying, selling, and trading. Comic books are being part of my life and income for fifteen years and more.

The charge against me involved underground comics, which I sell. The claim was that I sold these books to children of 13 and 14, which I do NOT do. I do not believe in censorship, but I do believe that parents have the right over their children's reading. I refuse to argue the proper age limit, whether it's 10 years old or 21, that a child becomes an adult. Arbitrarily I have always used 18. The law says 17. Not only have I guarded against selling "adult" material to minors, but I have insisted that all the dealers at my shows honor this restriction. But now, ironically and horribly, this accusation was made against me.

I can't easily express the feelings of being led publicly in handcuffs from the show. Or being questioned, fingerprinted, "mugged" (photographed), placed in a cell overnight, and left till morning. Or knowing that this animal-pens procedure was being inflicted on two teenage girls who were working at my tables and who were miserably frightened at this cold, heavy treatment.

Before I saw lawyer or judge I had to spend 21 hours in cells without food or water. During this time of

being made into a non-person, the announcement of my arrest, the reasons, and my name and address were broadcast over radio and TV and published in the NEW YORK TIMES. So were the names and addresses of the two girls. Can you feel the brutal unfairness of that as I did?

Why did this happen? Was it deserved?

The story is that a month before, allegedly at my show, a youngster had bought an underground comic book. His father, seeing it, had taken it to his priest. The priest was interested in two things. One interest was in making the world pure by clamping down on evil. The second was publicity. Let's see, was publicly. Let's see, was named in every report, published or broadcast. Success! (Yes, I and the two young girls suffered, but at least there was publicity!)

And now that we are under the threat of conviction, the agency of false imprisonment, and (for me) the potential loss of my job as a high school teacher, surely now the world is purified. Surely now you can feel secure that a malicious accusation can land any one of you in this same pit.

Or, like me, do you fear the vigilantes instead?

James Warren offered me the space to tell my side of the story. I don't know what you can learn from it. But I know what I've been through. Can I trust a system which lets this happen? Can I cooperate ever again with police who have set traps, and sworn they saw what never happened? Can I ever know again, as I once did know, that living without hurting anyone, or destroying anything, was a guarantee that my life would be peaceful and free from the malice of others? No, on all counts.

This priest has found his sacrifice. I wonder how holy he feels.

## "BABY—I NEED YOUR LOVIN'..."

as well as your cards and letters to let me know how YOU like each issue of my magazine mag. Address all your mail to:

## SCARLET LETTERS

c/o Warren Publishing Co.  
145 East 32nd Street  
New York, New York 10016

**LAST ISSUE!** VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON ARE ASSAULTED BY GANGSTERS, IMPRISONED ON THE ELEGANT ESTATE OF RICH ORLEANS, CRIME KING, RICHARD GRANVILLE? PENDRAGON IS RE-UNITED WITH HIS EX-WIFE, ROSAM... AND HIS DAUGHTER, SARAH... NEITHER OF WHOM HE HAS SEEN IN OVER TWENTY YEARS!

ALTHOUGH PENDRAGON IS OVERJOYED AT SEEING THE TWO PEOPLE WHO MEAN MORE TO HIM THAN ALL ELSE, THERE IS NO JOY ON THE PART OF HIS DAUGHTER, SARAH!

SARAH, WHO IS NOW THE WIFE OF MONSTER RICHARD GRANVILLE? ROSAM, WHO IS HELL-BOAT ON MAKING REVENGE ON HER FATHER!

MAKING PENDRAGON PAY FOR ALL OF THE PAIN THE AMAT WHICH RESULTED WHEN HE DESERTED HIS FAMILY... SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO!

...MAKING PENDRAGON PAY BY DESTROYING EVERYTHING HE HOLDS DEAR... BEGINNING WITH THE BEASTIAL VAMPIRESS FROM DRAKOWAY...

# VAMPIRELLA

WOULD YOU WANT YOURS ABOUT TO FLY LIKE YOU'VE NEVER FLOWN BEFORE!

WERRY AND SADDY AND UP JOCK! THIS GIRL'S A BEYOND MOTHER!

IN A GILL, VAMPIRELLA IS GRABBED BY THREE THUGS, INCLUDING THE WEAPON THAT HAS KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN ALL THE NUCLEAR BOMBS EVER EXPLODED! A WEAPON UNFAMILAR TO THE GIRL FROM A DISTANT STAR...

UNFAMILAR, BUT VAMPIRELLA'S DEAD? IN THE END... AND VAMPIR!

...A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!

PURE COCAINE  
IS INJECTED INTO  
VAMPIRELLA'S  
SYSTEM...

...ENOUGH TO  
SEND AN OX  
ON A PLEASANT  
TRIP FOR A  
WEEK!

BUT TO THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
YOUNG  
DRAGONLION...

...THE DRUG'S  
EFFECT IS FAR  
FROM THE NORM...

JOCK!  
ONE AIN'T  
MOVIN'!

YOU THINK  
WE SCAGGED  
HERE?

AGHH! SHE'LL  
COME 'ROUND!

AND WHEN  
SHE DOES, SHE'LL  
BE TOO SPONED TO  
EVEN  
REMEMBER HER  
OWN NAME!

LET'S MOVE!  
LEAVE THAT  
OLD NINJA A  
BOTTLE!

THEY'RE HOPING  
THE DRUGS WILL  
MAKE VAMPIRELLA  
DETERIORATE...  
DEGENERATE INTO  
AN ADDICT!

AND MY  
PUNISHMENT  
IS TO WATCH  
EVERY STEP  
OF THE WAY!

THEY'VE  
LEFT THIS  
BOOZIE  
SO I CAN  
DRINK  
MYSELF  
INTO A  
STUPID...  
MAKING  
THIS ALL  
THE MORE  
HORRIBLE!

BUT AID...  
I CAN'T!!!  
VAMP! NEEDS  
ME!

INSIDE THE GRAVILE HOME, PENDRAGON'S DAUGHTER, SARA,  
AND HER HUSBAND RICHARD ARE SATISFIED THAT THEIR LATEST  
"RETRIBUTION" IS WELL UNDER WAY...

SEE TO IT  
THAT YOU  
KEEP A  
GUARD ON  
THAT  
CELL, JIM!

WE'VE  
WRITTEN A  
LONG TIME  
TO REMY  
THAT OLD  
MAN!

THEIR PLEASANT-  
SEEMING HOMELIFE  
A DRAMATIC CONTRAST  
TO THE REALITIES  
THEY COVER FROM  
THEIR SON!

THE DRY FACES INTO DARKNESS... AND THE GIRL  
FROM ORKUSLON REMAINS UNCONSCIOUS...!  
ALL THE WHILE, STRUGGLING FITFULLY... HER  
ALIEN BODY FIGHTING THE DRUGS WITHIN HER!

AND NO LESS  
OF A STRUGGLE  
RAGES WITHIN  
PENDRAGON  
AS HE FIGHTS  
OFF HIS DESIRES  
FOR THE LADY  
BEFORE HIM!

WE'VE  
BEEN  
LOCKED IN HERE  
SINCE LAST  
NIGHT!

THAT'S ALMOST  
TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS!

TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS SINCE  
VAMPIRELLA  
HAS TAKEN THE  
BLOOD-SERUM  
SHE NEEDS TO  
SURVIVE...

THE MAGICIAN'S UNSPOKEN  
QUESTION IS ALL TOO QUICKLY  
ANSWERED...

HE NEEDS ONLY TO GLANCE INTO  
HALF-OPENED EYES... GLAZED,  
RED, FROM A MIND-DISTORTING  
DRUG...

SHE'S GOING  
TO AWAKEN  
WHEN SHE  
COMES TO!

I... I CAN'T  
LET HER GO DOWN!  
I... AGHH...

VAMPY  
STIRRING!

BUT THE  
DRUGS!  
HOW WILL  
THEY  
AFFECT  
HER?

UGH!!!

Vamp!

...TO SEE FANGS  
BARE MENACINGLY...

...TO AWOOL!



I...  
*Twist!*

FANGS PIERCE CLEANLY, DEEPLY INTO PANDRAGON'S NECK! VAMPIRELLA'S FEMININE ROUND, BUT STEELY-SNEELED BODY SLAMS THE MAGICKIAN TO THE GROUND, SUCKING FORTH HIS VICY LIFE-SUBSTANCE...

THE GIRL, FROM THE STARS WHO HAS VOWED TO HURT ANY HUMAN... CANNOT EVEN COMPREHEND THAT SHE IS TAKING THE LIFE OF HER DEAREST FRIEND!

FOR HER DRUG-GLOTTED BRAIN CRIES OUT FOR ONLY ONE THING! BLOOD!!

AND VAMPIRELLA CARES NOT WHERE IT COMES FROM!



WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON IN THERE?

MOVE AWAY FROM HIM, LADY!

NOW!



UGH..!

FOR JUST A SECOND, CAPTOR AND CAPTIVE STAND STARING... EYES LOOKED TOGETHER!



BUT TO VAMPIRELLA, THIS MAN, HOLDING A COCKED AND LOADED GUN, IS NO MENACE!

TO HER, HE IS NOTHING MORE THAN A FLESH CONTAINER...

HOLDING WITHIN THE RED SUBSTANCE SHE NEEDS SO MUCH!





# WHAT PRICE LOVE

WITHOUT PHYSICAL, THOUGHT, OR BODYPAIN  
MAMARELLA HAD TAKEN THE LIFE FROM A  
HUMAN BEING!

PERHAPS WITHOUT THE EFFECTS OF THE  
DRUG, SHE WOULD FEEL REGRET FOR  
THIS... THE FIRST  
LIFE SHE HAS  
EVER TAKEN...

CERTAINLY  
THERE WOULD  
BE REMORSE  
AND GUILT!

Worse EVEN  
A BIT OF SELF-  
HATE...

BUT FOR MAMARELLA  
THERE ARE NONE OF  
THOSE FEELINGS NOW!

THE DRUG HAS  
REMOVED ALL  
EMOTIONAL  
THOUGHT FROM HER  
MIND!

AND AS SHE  
RACES THROUGH  
THE OPEN CELL  
DOOR...  
MAMARELLA'S  
BODY CRIES OUT  
FOR EVEN MORE...



...BLOOD!  
THE PRECIOUS  
LIQUID SHE  
NEEDS FOR  
SURVIVAL!

AND IN A CORNER, A WHITE-  
HAired MAGICIAN GAZES...  
HURRIDLY...NERVOUSLY...  
THE LIQUID HE NEEDS MOST  
FOR SURVIVAL...

...BUT FOR SAVING?



STOP!  
GURL!  
OR I'LL  
SHOOT!

A PRISON GUARD SEES  
MAMARELLA RACE  
FROM THE CELL...



...SHE ROUNDS A CORNER  
BEFORE HE CAN SQUEEZE  
OFF THE SHOT!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
IN HERE?



OH MY  
GOD!

A WIFE OF  
MAMARELLA  
WATCHES  
OVER THE  
GUARD AS  
HE SEES  
HIS BUDDY  
LYING DEAD  
ON THE  
BRICK  
FLOOR...

...HIS  
THROAT  
RIPPED  
OUT BY  
THE INSANE  
LUSTINGS  
OF A  
MAMARELLA!





BOSS!  
HE'S DEAD!

HIS JEWELRY'S  
BEEN SWAPPED  
OUT!!

AND THE GIRL...  
THE ONE WITH THE  
MAGICIAN...  
ESCAPED!!

HOW'D  
IT ALL HAPPEN  
HANK?



IT'S AS THOUGH  
SOME WILD ANIMAL,  
OR ZWARTZO,  
BURST INTO THE CELL...  
TO FREE THE OLD  
MAN AND GIRL...

WHATEVER,  
WHATEVER...  
IT WAS... IT'S  
PROBABLY  
SWEEPING  
THE GROUND  
RIGHT NOW!

WHMAN!  
HONK OF  
THIS ADDS  
UP!

RICHARD!  
PATRICK'S OUT  
THERE NOW!



PATRICK'S OKAY,  
MAM! I'VE GOT 'IM  
RIGHT HERE!

WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
MOMMY?

THANK  
GOD!

EVERYTHING'S  
OKAY, SON! YOUR  
MOTHER JUST  
WORRIES  
ABOUT YOU!



SAID, I FOUND PETE OUT IN BACK  
OF THE GUARD HOUSE... HIS... HIS  
NECK HAS BEEN SLASHED OPEN...

SO I THOUGHT  
(S NOT REIN)  
PATRICK BACK  
TO THE HOUSE!

THANKS,  
MAM! YOU  
DID BEST!

YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO WORRY ABOUT ME,  
MOMMY! I'M A BIG  
BOY NOW! I'LL BE  
RYE PRETTY SOON!



SAM! I THINK YOU'D BEST  
TAKE PATRICK TO HIS ROOM!

YOU PLAY  
WITH YOUR  
TRAINING  
FOR ANHLE  
SON?

AND SAM! MAKE  
SURE PATRICK IS  
UNDISTURBED!



AS THE  
BOY IS  
LED FROM  
THE ROOM,  
THE GENTLE,  
FATHERLY  
FACE OF  
RICHARD  
GRANTVILLE  
IS PUT  
ASIDE...

...AND THE  
GRIMACE OF  
RICHARD  
GRANTVILLE,  
HOBSTER,  
TAKES ITS  
PLACE!

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
HERE, SARA!

BUT I  
INTEND TO  
FIND  
OUT!

THERE'S  
A MENACE  
LOOSE ON  
THESE  
GROUNDS...

A MENACE  
THAT WILL  
PAY  
FOR KILLING  
MY MEN!

NO MATTER  
WHAT TYPE OF  
MONSTER  
IT IS!!



OUTSIDE THE GRANTVILLE MANSION, THE 'WOLFGANG' BEAUTIFUL AND DEADLY, WHO HAS BEEN DRIVEN QUITE MAD BY DRUGS AND HER NEED FOR BLOOD... SLOWLY BEGINS TO BECOME AWARE OF HER SURROUNDINGS! THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG BEGINS TO WANE...

I THIS PLACE... THESE MEN... THEY CAPTURED ME... ARE MY ENEMIES...



HEY, MIKE... YOU SEE SOMETHING AWAY IN THEM BUSHES YONDER?

WHERE?

BUT DRUGS, AS WOMEN, ARE UNPREDICTABLE...



MIKE! LOOK OUT!

...IT IS A QUICK AND DEADLY VAMPIRELLA WHO BOUNDS FROM THE UNDERGROWTH... SMASHING A GUARD TO THE HARD ROCKS... SPLITTING HIS NOFT HUMAN SPINAL... AND WATCHING AS THE BLOOD-RED CONTENTS SPLURT OUT!



VAMPIRELLA NOW KNOWS THESE MEN ARE HER ENEMIES...

GAAA!

...BUT SHE STILL CANNOT REMEMBER WHY...!



...NOR DOES IT REALLY MATTER TO HER!



TWO MORE GUARDS DEAD AT HER FEET... NOT CARDBOARD OUTRITS OR CELLOID HEROES... BUT MEN! MEN WITH LOVERS OR WIVES... KIDS AND DOGS WAITING FOR THEM TO RETURN HOME!

...BUT THE GIRL FROM DRACULON SCARCELY NOTICES!

TO HER, THESE MEN WERE JUST ONE MORE COURSE IN A LONG OVERDUE FEAST!

...WITH THE MAN DYM YET TO COME!

BACK IN THE SMALL CELL, A DIZZY, HALF-DRUNK PENDING STRUGGLES TO HOLD DOWN WHAT LITTLE NOURISHMENT HE HAS BEEN ABLE TO RETAIN IN HIS STOMACH!

BUT IT IS NOT AN EASY THING TO DO WHEN ONE IS SHARING A ROOM WITH THE STENCH OF DEATH!

...AND WHEN ONE IS SACKEED WITH DISGUST AT HIMSELF!

G. GOTTA PULL MYSELF TOGETHER!



VAMPIRELLA... ATTACKED ME... WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IF THAT GUARD HADN'T COME IN!

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT SHE'LL DO IN HER PRESENT STATE!

OOOOW! HEAD'S SWANNING FROM THIS DAMNED BOOZE!



GOTTA... GOTTA REACH HERE! HELP HER...

...AND WARN THE OTHERS MY ROSA... SARA...

...BEFORE VAMPIRELLA KILLS AGAIN!!



...MUST REACH ROSIE AND SARA!

SHE CAN'T CONTROL HERSELF! VAMPIRELLA'S GONE MAD!

...MUST REACH THE HOUSE... BEFORE VAMPIRELLA!





THAT SCREAM  
CAME FROM  
INSIDE THE  
HOUSE!

VAMPIRE'S  
IN THERE...



STRICK IS  
YOUR GRANDSON?

I HAVE A  
GRANDSON?

MY GOD,  
ROSE...

...NO!

HE, TOO,  
MAY BE IN  
TERRIBLE  
DANGER!



NO TIME TO  
EXPLAIN  
NOW, ROSE!

TRUST  
ME!

WE MUST  
FIND PATRICK  
AND SARA...

...BEFORE  
VAMPIRELLA  
GETS TO THEM!

DOWN  
THIS  
HALL,  
PEN...

SAM'S  
BODY IS  
JUST OUTSIDE  
PATRICK'S  
ROOM...



POSSIBLE!  
ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT?

PEN... IT, IT'S  
HORRIBLE!

SAM...  
ONE OF THE  
GUARDS  
HERE...  
PATRICK'S  
BODYGUARD...  
IS LYING  
IN THE HALL  
DEAD!

...BUT  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW...  
DO YOU?

VAMPIRELLA...  
THE GIRL THEY  
BROUGHT HERE  
WITH ME...

BUT  
HOW?

HOW CAN  
A MERE  
GIRL BE  
CAPABLE...

...SHE'S  
GONE  
BERSERK!

SHE'S THE  
ONE WHO HAS  
KILLED SAM...  
AND... AND THE  
OTHER GUARDS  
OUTSIDE!



PATRICK'S  
ANYWHERE  
TO BE  
SEEN?!

GOOD GOD!  
I ONLY PRAY  
THE BOY IS  
SAFE!!

PEN!  
I CAN'T  
STAND TO  
SEE SAM  
LIKE THAT!

HE WAS  
SO AWARE!

ONLY ROOMS EARLY, RICHARD REACTS TO THE  
**'MONSTER'** PROTECTING HIS ESTATE...

THAT  
**SCREAM**  
WAS  
ANOTHER  
ONE OF  
MY MEN!

I'VE  
GOT TO  
STOP  
THAT  
MONSTER  
GAD!

RICHARD!  
DON'T GO  
OUT  
THERE!

THERE'S  
NO TELLING  
WHAT'S...

THEN, SHE DOES  
REMEMBER! THIS  
IS THE MAN WHO  
ORDERED HER  
CAPTURE  
LOOKED UP!

HER TEETH...  
FANGS... THAT  
LOOK IN HER EYE...

RICHARD  
SHE'S  
INSANE!

BACK OFF,  
GIRL... OR I'LL  
SHOOT!

**BANG!**

NO ONE... NO THING CAN STOP THIS DRAGONIAN  
DEATH MACHINE GONE MAD...

...RICHARD!  
IT'S THAT... GIRL!

...VAMPIRELLA!

THE DOOR BURSTS  
OPEN! AND FOR A  
MOMENT, DRAGONIAN  
EYES BURST INTO THE  
GRANVILLE'S... SEARCH-  
ING, TRYING TO  
**REMEMBER!**

THIS MOMENT,  
SHE IS A DEADLY  
ANIMAL... CROUCHING  
TO SPRING...  
WELL BUILT ON  
RICHARD GRANVILLE'S  
**DEATH!**

AN ALL CONSUMING  
MUTRED... THE LINE  
OF WHICH SHE HAS  
NEVER FELT BEFORE...  
MOVES HER...

NOTHING SHORT OF DEATH  
WILL STOP VAMPIRELLA FROM  
REACHING THIS MAN!

IN HIS LAST DESPERATE SECOND  
OF LIFE, RICHARD GRANVILLE  
REALIZES... THIS COMELY GIRL,  
ONCE HIS CAPTIVE... HIS WIFE,  
IS THE MONSTER WHO HAS BEEN  
KILLING HIS MEN!

A MONSTER  
HE HIMSELF  
HELPED TO  
CREATE!

WHEN THE FINAL  
SCREAM LEAVES  
GRAMMIE, TWO  
MORE HORRIFIED  
FACES BURST INTO  
THE ROOM...

VAMPIRELLA!

HE... HE'S  
MY SON-  
IN-LAW!

RICHARD  
NO! NOT  
HIM, TOO!

...AND VAMPIRELLA IS CAUGHT...  
HER MOUTH SMEARED RED WITH  
BLOOD!

TRAPPED IS THE ACT OF KILLING...  
TRAPPED IN THIS ROOM BY SO  
MANY PEOPLE...

...FOR VAMPIRELLA THERE IS BUT  
ONE MEANS OF ESCAPE...

SHE SOARS OVER PENDRAGON'S  
HEAD, EVADING HIS FRAIL ATTEMPT  
TO STOP HER!

REN, YOU  
MUST GO  
AFTER  
HER!

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
PERSON LEFT  
SHE CAN  
HARM...

...PATRICK!

REN!  
STOP  
HER...

SHE'S TAKEN  
R. RICHARD...

PLEASE!



WINGS BURSTING IN HIS AGED BODY, HIS LEGS ONLY TIED, CRAMPED SPACS, PENDRAGON RACES AS HE NEVER HAS BEFORE...

...KNOWING THAT HE MUST FIND HIS GRANDSON BEFORE VAMPIRELLA DOES!

SHE CAN'T  
WOULDN'T  
HARM THE  
BOY...

ONE SICKENING TRICKLE OF  
BLOOD DANCES DOWN HER CHIN...

THE BOY'S  
BLOOD!

AND VAMPIRELLA FEELS A PAIN  
WITHIN HER BREAST, SHE HAS  
NEVER KNOWN!

HER  
UNCONSCIOUS  
FORM  
DRAPING  
THE BODY  
OF THE BOY  
WHO WAS  
ONCE  
PENDRAGON'S  
GRANDSON!

AND THE OLD MAN  
KNEELS... WEEPING!

NOT SHEDDING  
TEARS FOR THIS  
BOY, HIS OWN  
FLESH...

BUT VAMPIRELLA IS NOT HURTING ANYONE NOW!

HER HEAD IS  
CLEAR ENOUGH  
TO KNOW... TO  
REALIZE WHAT  
SHE HAS DONE!

SHE HAS FOUND  
PATRICK FIRST!

AND SEEING  
THIS INNOCENT,  
VULNERABLE  
BOY LYING AT  
HER FEET...  
WITH THE TWO  
TINY PUNCTURES  
IN HIS NECK...

...LIFTS THE DARKNESS  
FROM VAMPIRELLA'S HEAD...

PATRICK...  
HE... HE'S...

MOTHER!  
MY BABY!  
MY BABY  
BOY!!

FROM SHEER  
EMOTIONAL  
EXHAUSTION  
VAMPIRELLA  
SLUMPS!

IT'S BECAUSE OF  
NOW THAT ALL THIS  
HAS HAPPENED!

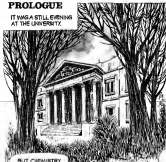
PENDRAGON'S  
TEARS ARE FOR  
HIMSELF!

AND THAT  
IS A HEAVY  
BURDEN  
FOR A MAN  
TO LIVE  
WITH...

...NOT TEARS FOR  
THE STILLED GIRL  
BEFORE HIM... FOR  
HE DOES NOT  
BLAME HER FOR  
WHAT SHE IS!

# PROLOGUE

IT WAS A STILL EVENING  
AT THE UNIVERSITY.



BUT CHEMISTRY  
ISN'T YOUR FIELD.  
YOU'RE A PROFESSOR  
OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH.



TRUE, YET WITHIN THIS  
FLASK I BELIEVE THAT I'VE  
ISOLATED THE STUFF THAT  
HOLDS SPOOKS TOGETHER--  
ECTOPLASM. YOU CAN ASSIST  
ME IN TESTING IT.

BILL BROWN WORKED QUIETLY IN HIS LABORATORY.

HUSBAND, IT'S NEARLY ONE  
O'CLOCK. WHEN ARE YOU  
COMING HOME?



DARLING, I'M SORRY  
I MADE YOU DRIVE ALL THIS  
WAY, BUT I COULDN'T STOP  
UNTIL I HAD COMPLETED  
THIS EXPERIMENT.

USE YOUR  
POWERS OF TELEKINESIS\*  
TO GIVE SOME FORM TO  
MY CONCOCTION.



MY POWERS ARE  
DIFFICULT TO CONTROL--  
BUT FOR YOUR SAKE I'LL  
DO MY BEST. THEN,  
PLEASE COME HOME.

\*THE ABILITY TO MOVE SOLID OBJECTS BY THOUGHT ALONE.

AS CAROL CONCENTRATES ON THE FLASK  
OF ECTOPLASM, SHE IS UNAWARE THAT HER  
POWERS HAVE UNLEASHED A VOLUME OF  
HYDROCHLORIC ACID!



CAROL--  
**GAAA!!!**



MY EYES!  
OH LORD, MY  
EYES!



EVENING, STORM BREAKS AND LOVERS OF NOISY PLACES, THIS SETTING IS TYPICAL FOR THE STORY OF A HOUSE POSSESSED BY SPIRITS, AND ORDINARILY, AN INVESTIGATOR OF UNNATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA COULD UNRAVE THIS CASE BUNDLED. UNFORTUNATELY, THAT IS EXACTLY THE WAY OUR HERO MUST DECIPHER THE MYSTERY OF...

# THE HAUNTED CHILD



BYRNUM HOUSE WAS HAUNTED BUT NOT BY NOISY POLTERGEISTS THERE WERE SILENT PHANTOMS RESTING IN THE DUST AND COISSERS WAITING FOR THE VISITORS WHO WOULD INEVITABLY COME.

I DON'T LIKE THE FEELING I HAVE OF THIS PLACE, MY SIXTH SENSE WARNS ME, EVEN THE WAY, BYRNUM, MAKES ME SHIVER FOR SOME (VAGUE REASON) I CAN'T QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON IT...

IT WILL TAKE ME FOREVER TO CLEAN THIS PLACE, I'LL JUST WORK ON THE ROOMS WE'RE PLANNING TO USE.

PLEASE, CAROL LET YOUR SIXTH SENSE AND THE HOSSBOUNS TAKE A VACATION, I'M HERE TO REST, THAT'S ALL I WANT LET'S GO INSIDE.

THIS HOUSE HAS A HISTORY, DOESN'T IT? A HISTORY OF PSYCHIC DISTURBANCES? YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE WORK /GAIN SO THAT I'LL THINK I'M AS GOOD A PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR AS \* WAS BEING?





YOU ARE AS GOOD AS YOU WERE BEFORE... JUST AS GOOD! ONLY YOUR SIGHT IS IMPAIRED. YOU'RE NOT BLIND! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, BILL, I....

I'LL GET THE TRUNKS OUT OF THE CAR, YOU MIGHT AS WELL START ON THE KITCHEN.

BILL HAD ALWAYS ENJOYED SITTING BY A FIRE AFTER DINNER... IT WAS HIS PLACE FOR REFLECTION, BUT NOW THE FEEL OF THE FLAMES BORED HIM. HE WAS RESTLESS.



TELL ME ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE HOUSE? OH YEAH, ITS PSYCHIC HISTORY THE REAL ESTATE MAN WASN'T TOO EXPLICIT BUT HE SAID THAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF A LITTLE GIRL...



ABOUT A YEAR AGO, THE BYRNUM FAMILY, THE OWNERS, HELD A SEANCE. AND LITTLE CRYSTAL, BYRNUM CREEPT FROM HER BED TO WATCH AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEANCE, CRYSTAL SCREAMED! THEY FOUND HER ON THE STAIRS, STRUCK COMPLETELY DUMB! THEY SAY THAT SHE GAVE HER SOUL TO THE HOUSE!



DO YOU SUPPOSE WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO COMMUNE UP THE CHILD'S SPIRIT?

I... I COULD TRY. IT WOULD BE LIKE BEFORE, US WORKING TOGETHER. IF ONLY I COULD DISCOVER WHAT ELSE IT IS ABOUT THE BYRNUM FAMILY THAT BOTHERS ME...

ALL SMALL LIFE IN THE HOUSE WAS HUSHED. THE PHANTOMS WERE TENSE, WAITING IN THE SHADOWS. THE SEANCE HAD BEGUN...



YOU'RE NOT COOPERATING.

I CAN'T, IT'S NOT THE SAME ANYMORE. I'M A DULLED TOOL, A BLIND MAN GROPING IN THE UNKNOWN WHERE STRONG MEN ARE DEFEATED AND WEAK MEN DESTROYED.



BILL! LOOK...

NOT SINCE HIS ACCIDENT HAD BILL BEEN IN SUCH NEED OF NIGHT, FOR HIS EYES WERE NEARLY USELESS IN THE DULL LIGHT OF THE CORRIDOR.



STOP! DON'T  
RUN, CRYSTAL!  
I WON'T HURT  
YOU!



WHAT  
THE...  
WHO?



THUNK!

THE MEATY HAMMER OF  
A FIST HAD LAID BILL  
COLD FOR HOURS.  
SLOWLY, CONSCIOUSNESS  
RETURNED.



PROFESSOR  
BRYAN, PLEASE  
FORGIVE US THIS IS  
A MOST REGRETT-  
ABLE ERROR, MOST  
REGRETTABLE



THAT LITTLE  
GIRL PACKS  
QUITE A  
WALLOP.



I AM DR. CHALK, HEAD OF THIS INSTITUTION. WHEN LITTLE CRISTAL WANDERED BACK TO HER OLD HOME, WE HAD NO IDEA THAT SOMEONE HAD TAKEN RESIDENCE THERE. IT HAD BEEN EMPTY.



MY WIFE?

YOU, TOO? BILL, THEY STRAPPED ME TO A BED AND KEPT ASKING ME WHY I WAS AT THE HOUSE. WHAT'S GOING ON?



THROUGH CHANCE AND MEDDLING, MY DEAR, WE HAVE GOTTEN OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIZARRE SITUATION.

I WANT TO SEE THIS CHILD. HER ROOM IS AT THE END OF THIS HALLWAY, ISN'T IT?



YES, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T INTERFERE. YOU'RE NOT A PSYCHIATRIST.

PLEASE, DOCTOR, HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.



HER CONDITION CAN BE DEFINED AS AUTISTIC, A COMPLETE WITHDRAWAL FROM REALITY. SHE DOES NOT TALK, PLAY, BATH, DRESS OR DO ANYTHING THAT WOULD CLASSIFY HER AS A HUMAN BEING. IT'S AS IF SHE...

...LOST HER SOUL?

I WANT THE CHILD LEFT IN THE CARE OF MY WIFE AND I FOR ONE WEEK.

WE'LL HAVE TO OBTAIN PERMISSION FROM CRISTAL'S PARENTS FOR THAT, BUT WHAT COULD YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH IN ONE WEEK?



HER CURE!

THE PHANTOMS HAD  
FAILED ONCE, BUT  
THEY WOULD NOT  
FAIL AGAIN.

SHE  
DOESN'T  
SEEM  
FRIGHTENED.

SHE SHOULDN'T  
BE, FOR OVER A  
YEAR, SHE'S BEEN  
TRYING TO COME  
HOME AND NOW  
WE'VE BROUGHT  
HER HERE.

THE CHILD  
IS LIKE THIS  
EMPTY WINE  
GOBLET! WE MUST  
FILL HER WITH HER  
GHOST, WHICH I  
BELIEVE IS  
SOMEWHERE IN  
THIS HOUSE.

AND HOW  
CAN WE DO  
THAT?

BILL SHOULDN'T  
WE ENCOURAGE  
HER TO SPEAK?

IT WOULD BE USELESS  
TO TRY, CAROL, AS CHALK  
SAID, WE'RE NOT  
PSYCHIATRISTS, SO WE  
MUST APPROACH HER  
IN OUR OWN WAY.

WITH YOU,  
DARLING YOU HAVE  
ALWAYS BEEN MY  
PROBE INTO THE  
UNKNOWN. MY  
INSTRUMENT.

A VERY POOR  
INSTRUMENT, BILL!  
I ALMOST BLUNDED  
YOU, PLEASE FIND  
ANOTHER WAY.

AN  
UNFORTUNATE  
ACCIDENT CAROL,  
BUT AS YOU YOURSELF  
POINTED OUT, WE  
MUST GO ON--FOR  
THE CHILD'S  
SAKE.

WILL YOU  
ASSIST ME OR  
NOT?

OF COURSE, BUT  
I WISH YOU WERE  
AT LEAST  
ENTHUSIASTIC  
ABOUT THIS.

BILL WHY DO YOU  
ALWAYS REFER TO  
HER AS "THE CHILD"?  
YOU NEVER CALL HER  
BY NAME, ARE WE  
BOTH NO MORE THAN  
INSTRUMENTS TO YOU?  
HAVE YOU BECOME  
THAT BITTER?

FROM CAROL'S SENSITIVE FINGERS, INVISIBLE FEELERS PROBE THE CHILD'S PSYCHE. SILENTLY, CAROL DEMANDS THE PSYCHE'S RETURN. IF THERE ARE LAWS GOVERNING SUCH PROCESSES, THEY ARE UNKNOWN TO THE TROUBLED MEDIUM.



IT'S DONE!  
IT'S DONE!

HELLO, MY NAME  
IS CRYSTAL AND  
YOU'RE CAROL AND  
BILL, AREN'T YOU?

BILL, IT'S  
HAPPENING!

THAT'S CORRECT  
CHILD. WE HAVE MANY  
THINGS TO ASK YOU.

I DON'T  
WANT TO ANSWER  
ANY QUESTIONS.  
I JUST WANT TO  
GO TO MY ROOM.

THAT EVENING AT SUPPER.

YOU'RE VERY  
QUIET. YOU HAVEN'T  
ANSWERED ANY OF  
MY QUESTIONS.

TOMORROW, WE'LL  
CALL YOUR PARENTS  
AND HAVE THEM COME  
OVER. YOU'LL LIKE  
THAT. I'M SURE.

I'M SORRY BUT I DIDN'T  
ENJOY BEING DEAD AND I  
DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT  
IT. I JUST WANT TO BE A  
LITTLE GIRL AGAIN.

NO! NO! I  
DON'T WANT TO  
SEE THEM.



AND I TELL YOU  
THAT WE SHOULD CALL  
FOR HELP FROM THAT  
OLD HOUSE UP THE  
ROAD. I'M  
GOING THERE  
RIGHT NOW.

A RUSTLING IN THE  
SHRUBS BY THE  
ROADSIDE  
INTERRUPTS HER  
LONELY JOURNEY.



NO, M'AM. I'VE JUST BEEN PLAYING WITH MY DOLLIES.



ISN'T IT AMAZING, BILL, HOW SHE'S CHANGED THESE PAST FEW DAYS? SHE EVEN ANSWERS ALL OF OUR QUESTIONS.



I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON CRYSTAL UNTIL YOU GET BACK. TAKE CARE.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE HER PARENTS, BECAUSE THEY WOULD SEE THE CHANGE IN HER RIGHT AWAY.



I'M IN THE BASEMENT, CAROL. COME DOWN... I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

COME DOWN AND SEE.



CAROL! CAROL!  
ARE YOU THERE? ARE  
YOU ALRIGHT???

CAROL! CAROL! MY GOD  
**NOOO!** WHO COULD  
HAVE DONE THIS MAD  
THING...?

I DID IT,  
PROFESSOR.

BUT WHY?  
WHY???

YOU AND YOUR WIFE WERE  
GETTING TOO CLOSE,  
PROFESSOR! YOU KNOW  
THAT I AM NOT THE SAME  
FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
WHOSE SPIRIT WAS LOST  
DURING THE BYRNUM  
FAMILY SEANCE.

CRYSTAL'S SPIRIT WAS LOST  
PERMANENTLY DURING THAT  
SEANCE. IT WANDERS IN AN  
ENDLESS LIMBO... AND SHALL  
BE THERE FOR ALL ETERNITY.  
HER BODY WAS IN NEED OF  
A NEW SPIRIT...

SO I CLAIMED IT! A FRESH, NEW  
BODY FOR A LONG DEAD SPIRIT...  
WITH A FRESH START TO  
ACCOMPLISH WHAT THEY STOPPED  
ME FROM FINISHING IN MY LAST  
LIFE...

THEY  
CALLED ME THE  
**CLEAVER-KILLER**  
BEFORE THEY CAUGHT  
ME AND HUNG MY FIRST  
BODY. BUT I WASN'T A  
**KILLER**... I JUST RID  
THE WORLD OF USELESS  
PEOPLE... IN MY OWN  
SMALL WAY! AND NOW  
I CAN GO ON  
ELIMINATING THE  
USELESS...

...IN MY  
OWN SMALL  
WAY!!!

LOOKS LIKE POOR BILL AND CAROL HAD  
SOMEWHAT OF A HEADACHE WHEN THEY SPLIT!  
BUT LITTLE CRYSTAL WAS LEFT BEHIND TO DO HER  
THING... BY THE WAY, HOPE YOU'RE NOT FEELING  
USELESS THESE DAYS!

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Fig. 8. *Continued*

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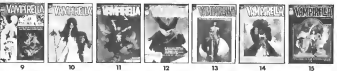
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SAID, "WASD DREDDO DREDDO  
DREDDO THE AFRICAN VELD? AND  
WITH IT, THE SCENT OF DEATH!  
AND THOUGH THE SCENT IS  
COMMON TO THE VELD, THE  
LION AVOIDS IT!"



THE HYENAS AND JACKALS  
ARE LEBBY! AND THE  
VULTURES REMAIN SBY!



ALONE, AFRICA, WAS OVERLOOKED  
BUT REMINDINGLY SURE  
FROM THE HEDGES OF THE  
SAVENGERS FOR UNDERING  
WITH THE SCANT OF DEATH,  
IS THE STRONG SWEET OF MAN.



# NIMROD



VAMPIRES, GHOLES, WEREWOLVES... ALL IMAGINARY TERRORS, ALL TOO OFTEN INVADY PICTURED WITHIN THESE PAGES! BUT THERE ARE GREATER HORRORS RUNNING RAMPANT ON THIS BIG GLOBE! TRUE HORRORS WHICH WRITERS SOME-TIMES OVERLOOK IN FAVOR OF 'SCARIER' 'SCARIER' SUBJECTS! THIS STORY IS **GORY!** AND IT IS **SCARY!** BECAUSE IT COULD POSSIBLY BE **TRUE...**

THE WORDS **RESERVE, SANCTUARY AND REFUGE** MEAN LITTLE TO THE POACHER, FOR HE RAVES THE SPECIES! HE KILLS NEITHER FOR HUNGER NOR WARMTH, BUT FOR **GREED!** DAMNED WHETHER HE IS THE **KILLER**, OR THE ONE WHO ORDERED THE KILLING, FOR THE CRIME IS SHARED EQUALLY! AN ANIMAL PAID WITH ITS **LIFE!** CAN A POACHER BE EXPECTED TO PAY ANY LESS?

THE LAW!  
AND THEY'VE  
SPOTTED  
US!!





A SOUND BEHIND THEM, AND THE POACHERS WHIRL... TO FACE A GIANT... AND A CAVERN TO SAFETY!

DOWN DARK CORRIDORS TO A MAMMOTH CAVERN...



THIS WAY,  
MY FRIENDS!

QUICK,  
MAKE... INTO THE  
CAVE BEFORE  
THAT RHINO  
CHARGES!



YOU'VE  
JUST SAVED OUR  
LIVES, GIANT!  
WHO ARE YOU?



WHAT IS  
THIS PLACE?  
HILL?

PETSO  
...THEY LOOK  
LIKE FREAKS!

WHO ARE  
THESE DEMENTED,  
NIMROD? - THESE  
MUTANT BEASTS?



WELCOME TO MY  
HOME, STRANGERS!  
MAY I OFFER YOU  
SOME WINE?

I AM NIMROD,  
GUARDIAN OF THE  
DEMENTED...!  
THESE ARE MY  
PETS!!



THESE ARE ARE  
FREAKS OF NATURE!  
OUTCASTS BORN BY  
THEIR OWN KIND! BUT  
LIVING BEINGS, AS  
YOU AND I.

THEY LOVE  
LIFE AND HAVE  
EVERY RIGHT  
TO IT.



WELL,  
AS YOU CAN  
SEE, THESE  
HAVE WELL  
EATEN!



IF MY  
GOD  
WILL  
IT BE!



BEINGS MARKED BY BIRTH AND A  
CRUEL JUNGLE! LIVING, MOVING,  
BREAKING LUMPS OF FLESH...

YES! MORE  
FREAKS! BUT NOT  
AS FORTUNATE AS THE  
OTHERS! THESE MUST  
BE KEPT ALIVE BY  
MACHINES... BY  
SCIENCE!

JESUS,  
NIMROD!  
THIS IS  
SICK!!

"NO, NOT SICK, MY FRIEND! LIFE IS  
PRECIOUS! AND THOUGH THESE  
CREATURES APPEAR DEFORMED,  
I'M TORMENTED TO YOU..."

THEY ARE HAPPY! HERE  
THEY ARE NOT TORMENTED  
BY THEIR OWN KIND! THEY  
ARE, AT PEACE! THEY THINK!

...THEY  
LIVE!

THEN YOU  
ARE LIKE A  
ZOO-KEEPER  
HERE, GALT?

A ZOO-KEEPER  
OR A SAMURAI  
TO THESE BRUTES?  
JUST *AWAY* ARE  
YOU, NIMROD?



I AM ONLY A **MAN!** LIKE  
YOURSELF, MY FRIEND!  
BUT A MAN WHO NOW  
KNOWS THE GREAT BEAUTY  
OF THE GIFT OF **LIFE!**...

WHEN THE **TUNING** WAS  
YOUNGER, **THANKS A HUNTER!**  
I KILLED NOT FOR FOOD OR  
COMFORT, BUT TO TEST MY  
PROWESS.

AND WHEN I **TIRIED** OF MERE  
**BEASTS**, BORED AS ONLY THE  
GREATEST OF HUNTERS CAN BE,  
I FOUND A NEW THRILL IN THE  
HUNT OF ANOTHER GAME  
PREY!

THE **JUNGLE**  
PROVIDES  
TYPE OF  
ONE MAY  
DESIRE!

BUT **DEFEAT** WAITS ALL!  
ONE DAY I MET MY MATCH...  
AND WAS LEFT FOR DEAD.  
MY BODY **CLAINED** AND DE-  
FORMED BEYOND ALL  
RECOGNITION...

THOUGH I WAS  
NOTHING MORE THAN A  
LUMP OF **BLOODIED MEAT**,  
LIFE STILL LINGERED WITHIN  
ME! SENDING MY HELPLESS-  
NESS AND NEARNESS TO DEATH,  
I WAS NEITHER TOUCHED NOR  
FURTHER **HARMED** BY THE  
JUNGLE ANIMALS AROUND ME!  
UNLIKE **MAN**, **BEASTS** WILL NOT  
HARM A **HELPLESS**  
CREATURE...EVEN  
FOR MEAT!

**BATU**, CHIEF WITCH DOCTOR OF  
THE CHEN-OH PEOPLE, FOUND MY  
BROKEN BODY. EVEN HE, A WARRIOR  
SPANNED BY A TRIBE OF KILLERS,  
KNOW THE MEANING OF **LIFE!** FOR  
INSTEAD OF SLAYING ME, HIS DEVI-  
NED MEDICINE **HEALED** MY  
DEFORMED BODY! FOR THIS...

THEY HAVE  
GIVEN ME  
TO MEAT!  
THE  
HUNTERS  
MAY BE  
BROUGHT  
NOW, FOWNS  
WOMEN  
GIVE YOU  
EVEN MORE!



**FEAR** DOESN'T COME EASY FOR MEN WHO FEAR THE UNKNOWN! WITH THE DARKNESS OF THE JUNGLE NIGHT, TWO FORMS RACE UP A NARROW PASSAGE TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN WORLD! A WORLD WHERE MONEY AND AN ANIMAL'S SKIN IS WORTH MORE THAN THAT SAME ANIMAL'S LIFE...



BUT EVEN AS MIKE SCAMPERS OUT OF SIGHT, TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE...

...DAN  
NEGATES!

AS DAN  
FODDLES!  
THERE'S  
MORE  
WEALTH  
IN THESE  
JUNGLE'S  
BELTS  
THAN IN  
ANY FIRM  
GUNS  
OUT  
THERE!

AND  
WE'RE  
RUNNING  
LIKE  
SCARED  
KIDS!

WELL  
NOT ME,  
BARRY! I'M  
GONNA  
GET  
ME SOME  
SKIN!



LIKE THE THUNDER KILLER HE IS, THE POUNDER STALKS SILENTLY BACK INTO THE CAVERN...



MOVEMENT AHEAD PROCEEDS KEEN EYEBARS! THE RIFLE SNIP CLICKS INTO PLACE...AND THE HUNTER MOVES IN FOR A KILL!



BUT **BARNEY** HAD CLAIMED MORE THAN ONE BRIGHT!



IT'S **MIKEY**!  
HE HAD THE SKIN,  
IOWA AS HE... BUT  
THOSE **BARBARAS**!  
TEARING INTO  
HIM...



BETTER ONE DAY THAN TWO! BUT IT IS A  
SILENT HUNTER WHO WATCHES HIS  
PARTNER KILLED BY NATURE'S FREAKS?



NO!  
NOW THEY'VE  
SPOTTED ME!  
IN GOD'S NAME...



KA-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!  
BLAM! BLAM!



Click!



HE GRATE. I RAY BACKS  
TOWARD FREEDOM...  
CLUBBING HIS ATTACKER'S!

NO!  
IT CAN'T END  
THIS WAY..!



CLIMBING, CRAWLING UP TO  
THE OUTSIDE WORLD... HIS  
HANDS BLOODY AND TORN!



... BUT THERE IS NO RAY  
FOR RAY NOW! HIS BEAU-  
TIFUL WORLD IS BEFORE  
HIM... AND RAY AT LAST  
KNOWS THE JOY OF BE-  
ING ALIVE...!



LIGHT!  
SUNLIGHT! THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
SUNLIGHT!!



... BEAUTIFUL LIFE... WITH THE JUNGLE AIR SO *CLEAN*... PURE! THE SUN BRIGHT AND *WARM*! WATER TRICKLING OVER ROCKS DOWN A BABBLING *BROOK*...? BUT MOST OF ALL, *LOVE*... BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL LIFE AND THE ECSTATIC JOY OF BEING IN *LOVE*...!



A MAN WHO ONLY AT THE END OF HIS TIME, HAS DISCOVERED HOW PRECIOUS INDEED *LIFE* IS TO ONE WHO HAS EXPERIENCED IT!



THE SCENT OF *DEATH* AND *MAN* HAVE TEMPORARILY FADED FROM THE AFRICAN VELDT THIS DAY! THOSE LABELED BY NATURE AS *FREAK*, HAVE RIDDEN THIS LAND OF THE LEECHES, SUCKING ITS LIFE-BLOOD!

SO, FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE LONGER, THE WEEK... THE *INNOCENT* MAY ENJOY THE WARMTH OF THE *SUN*!



...YOU WORK IN **ALASKA**, OUT IN THE  
DESOLATE WASTES, YOU'RE EITHER  
AN INDISPENSABLE **SPECIALIST** WHO  
CALLS HIS OWN SHOTS PREMIUM-  
PRICED... OR YOU'RE A KNOW-NOTHING  
**FLUNKY** GLAD TO GET THE PE NUTS  
NO ONE ELSE'D GIVE YOU IN  
BETTER CLIMATES...

I WAS IN THE **SECOND** CLASS...  
NOT JUST **BROKE**, BUT DROWNING  
IN **DEBT**... AND I FIGURED  
FREEZING MY BUNS OFF AS AN  
ERRAND BOY FOR A BUNCH OF EGG  
HEADS IN THE **SNOW** WAS  
BETTER'N STAVING IN THE **SUN**...

BUT, **MAN**-- THAT WAS A **LOTTA**  
COLD WHITE FROM UP THERE IN  
THE **HELICOPTER**...

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

HERE'S A FIBED  
FENG PABLE SWAPY  
CALLED...

# COLD CIRCULATION

THERE WASN'T ANY **CONFETTI**,  
BUT THEY **WERE** GLAD TO SEE  
WE...

...IN A **PROFESSIONAL**  
WAY...

SO THIS IS  
MY NEW HOME,  
EH...?

YES--AND YOU'VE  
NO IDEA HOW GLAD WE  
ARE TO **SEE** YOU. OUR  
RESEARCH HAS BEEN  
IMPEDED FOR **MONTHS**  
SINCE THE **LAST** MAN  
LEFT...

YOUR RESUME  
SAID YOU CAN **COOK**,  
IF I'M NOT  
MISTAKEN...?

I GUESS IT WAS ONLY **NATURAL** THAT I'D HAVE MY HUNDRETH SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE DEAL AS THE **HELICOPTER** LIFTED OFF...

...IT MADE IT ALL SO FINAL...

YOU CAN DECIDE **THAT** OTHER DINNER TONIGHT.

NEVER MIND THAT NOW—LET'S SHOW HIM AROUND THE STATION SO WE CAN GET BACK TO **WORK**.

WASHING DISHES IN **ALASKA** WAS THE SAME AS IN **CHICAGO**—BESIDE RESEARCH TECHS ARE A LITTLE MORE **FINICKY** THAN GREASY-SPON PROPRIETORS...

**CAREFUL** WITH THOSE—THEY'RE EXTREMELY PRECIOUS SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS ...AND THE NEXT SUPPLY DROP ISN'T FOR A **MONTH**.

I MADE DO **BEST** I COULD WITH WHAT THEY HAD—MOSTLY **FROZEN** STUFF—AND I SUPPOSE THE FIRST DINNER MIGHT BE CALLED A **SUCCESS**...

DELICIOUS! JUST TERRIFIC YOU KNOW, WE CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE **GOLD** FROM **LEAD**, BUT NONE OF US CAN EVEN **BOIL WATER**.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JORGENSEN. I FOR ONE FEEL **FULLY**...

...CAPABLE ...OF...

JUST LIKE THAT—HER FACE **DIMMED**, AND HER MOUTH LOST ITS **MUSCLES**...

IT MADE THE HOWLING SOUND **WORSE**...

BUT SCHENK, THE WOMAN TECH, HAD **DIFFERENT** IDEAS...

...YETI...

WHAT IS IT? DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A **WOLFE**. IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE **HUMAN**—**WAILING**...

OK, NOW, JANET, DON'T LET YOURSELF GET CARRIED AWAY WITH **THAT** BUSINESS AGAIN.

YETI? WHAT'S THAT?

NONSENSE! IT'S MERELY THE WIND WHISTLING THROUGH ODD **SNOW FORMATIONS**.





WELL... JANET HAS THE IDEA THAT ALASKA IS JUST AS GOOD A CLIMATE AS THE **ANAKALAKIS** AS FAR AS **SASQUATCH** IS CONCERNED...

...OR THE **ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN**, AS THE MORE **SENSATIONAL PHENOMENA** ADVOCATES CALL IT.

THAT BROKE THE TRANCE AND SET HER OFF BUT **GOOD...**

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE MUCH MORE THAN **SNAP MY FINGERS** IN THE TIME IT TOOK HER TO CHANGE HER MIND FROM A **BLANK** TO PURE **WILD...**

OH HENRY-- WILL YOU STOP WITH YOUR PUERILE **NATURAL EXPLANATIONS**? WOMEN, THE MIND-- NEXT YOU'LL BE SAYING IT'S **SUNSPOTS!**



WHEN WILL YOU **REALIZE** THAT OUR LIVES ARE IN **MORTAL DANGER** BACK HERE YETI COUNTRY?

WHEN IT'S **TOO LATE?**-- WHEN WE'RE ALL **DEAD...**



...AND **MURDERED**-- LIKE **JACK** WAS?

WE LL, I WON'T SIT STILL FOR IT!

I'LL BE IN MY **ROOM**-- WITH A **RIFLE**-- AND I'LL **KILL** THE BEAST BEFORE IT GETS A CHANCE AT **ME!**



AFTER THAT, I NEEDED AN **EXPLANATION** AT LEAST...

...AND MAYBE A ONE-WAY TICKET OUT OF ALASKA...

IS SHE... **ALWAYS** LIKE THAT...?

OH NO-- IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, THE **ISOLATION** HERE CAN AFFECT CERTAIN PEOPLE IN UNPREDICTABLE WAYS...

THE FULL STORY IS THAT SHE'S DISINTEGRATED INTO A **PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC**, EVER SINCE JACK WANDERED OFF TO LOSE HIMSELF IN THE **SNOW**.

COME OFF IT, JOHNSON-- HE'S GOT A **RIGHT** TO KNOW. TELL HIM THE **FULL STORY...**





WHO WAS JACK?

YOUR PREDECESSOR! OUR PREVIOUS OODS-AND-ENDS HELPER DISAPPEARED SIX MONTHS AGO.

HE'S DEAD THEN?

COULD YOU SURVIVE SIX MONTHS...



OUT THERE?



BUT WHY DOES JANET THINK HE WAS... MURDERED... BY THIS ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN OR WHATEVER?

GOT ME. PROFOUND GRIEF DOES STRANGE THINGS TO A PERSON.

PROFOUND GRIEF?



YEH. JACK WAS HER HUSBAND.

EVEN WITHOUT THE COLD, I DON'T THINK I COULD'VE FOUND IT EASY TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT...

I KEPT THINKING OVER THE STORY OF JANET'S MISSING HUSBAND -- AND HER SUDDEN BELIEF IN WHAT WAS PROBABLY A MYTHICAL CREATURE...

BUT IT DIDN'T FIT...

A PIECE WAS MISSING. WHAT KIND OF MARRIAGE HAD IT BEEN -- HUSBAND NOT MUCH MORE THAN A JANITOR, AND WIFE AN EMINENT RESEARCH TECHNICIAN...



THEN I HEARD IT...

SCHUF  
SCHUF  
SCHUF



...AND SAW IT...



I FELT TRAPPED...

...AND WHIPPED THE  
HEAVY BLANKETS ASIDE  
TO SCRAMBLE FROM THE  
BED...



I STUMBLED FOR THE  
OIL LANTERN...



AND STUFFED IT INTO  
THE SHAGGY NIGHTMARE'S  
FACE...

IT SCREAMED...

CRASH!

AAAAA OOOOOO



...AND KEPT SCREAMING  
AS IT BOLTED FROM MY  
ROOM WITH A FACE FULL  
OF FIRE...

I WON'T TRIVOLIOUS  
WITH MY TIME...

JORGENSEN--  
GET UP! THE  
SHOWMAN'S HERE  
IN THE BASE!  
INSIDE!



I LEFT JORGENSON  
TO HIS CLOTHES AND  
HIS SPITTERS OF  
POISSONOUS DISSEMBER  
AND ALMOST COLLIDED  
WITH JANET SCHENK  
ON MY WAY TO ALERT  
LANSKY...

DON'T HIDE IT--  
I HEARD THE  
YETI'S HERE-- BUT  
I'LL GET IT! I'LL  
KILL THE  
MURDEROUS  
BEAST FOR WHAT  
IT DID TO JACK!

NO-- BUT  
AVAILING THE MONSTER  
WILL AT LEAST  
AVENGE JACK'S  
MURDER!

STAY INSIDE YOUR  
ROOM, MRS. SCHENK!  
GETTING YOURSELF HURT  
WON'T BRING YOUR  
HUSBAND BACK!

THE TRAP WAS LANSKY'S  
IDEA... AND HE'D INSISTED  
ON TAKING THE RISK OF  
BEING THE *BUT*...

WE PILED BOXES FORMING A  
SMALL FORTRESS AROUND US!  
WHILE THE TRAP-DOOR TO THE UNDER-  
GROUND STORAGE ROOM WAS SET  
TO SPRING! WITH LUCK THE BEAST  
WOULD STEP ONTO IT AND FALL,  
TRAPPING ITSELF IN THE COMPART-  
MENT BELOW...

YOU THINK  
IT'LL WORK  
JORGENSON?

JORGENSON AND I JUST CROUCHED  
WAITING, CLUTCHING OUR RIFLES...  
AND TRYING TO KEEP JANET UNDER  
CONTROL...

WE'LL SEE...  
WHEN LANSKY  
GETS A  
HIBBLE...

LANSKY JUMPED OVER THE TRAP DOOR JUST  
AS THE *SHADOW* APPEARED  
FROM AROUND THE CORNER...

MY GOD--  
I NEVER THOUGHT JANET  
COULD BE *RIGHT*... THAT  
THERE REALLY WAS A  
YETI.

AND INTELLIGENT  
ENOUGH TO FIGURE  
OUT A LATCH AND  
DOORKNOB TO  
GET IN HERE...

I SUPPOSE I CAN'T  
REASON WITH YOU, MRS.  
SCHENK-- BUT JUST DON'T  
LOSE YOUR HEAD.

STAY WITH JORGENSON--  
I'VE GOTTA GET LANSKY...

THE HIBBLE *CAME*  
LESS THAN A MINUTE  
LATER...

IT'S  
COMING--!

KILL THE  
MURDEROUS  
THING... THE  
BEAST... KILL IT!  
IT KILLED  
JACK... I'LL  
KILL IT.

THEN IT STEPPED  
AROUND THE CORNER...

...AND BEGAN  
SHUFFLING,  
LURCHING  
TOWARD US...

SHUFF  
SHUFF  
SHUFF

...AND TOWARD  
THE TRAP DOOR...

KILL IT...  
SHOOT IT...

JANET WAS THE  
FIRST ONE THERE...

...AND SHE TOOK ALL  
OF HER BERSERK  
HATRED OUT IN ONE  
EXPLOSIVE RIFLE  
SHOT...

BLAM!

...BUT PART OF THE BEARD  
HAD BEEN BURNED AWAY  
BY MY OIL LANTERN, REVEALING  
AN ALL TOO HUMAN FACE...

PERHAPS THE COLD HAD DRIVEN HIM  
MAD, OR RENDERED HIS VOICE CORDS  
IMMUTABLE -- BUT NEVERTHELESS  
JACK SOHNK HAD FINALLY MADE HIS  
WAY BACK TO THE OUTPOST...

SEE, JACK?  
SEE? I KILLED  
THE YETI -- I  
KILLED IT FOR  
WHAT IT DID  
TO YOU...

SEE, JACK -- IT WASN'T  
BECAUSE WE HAD A FIGHT THAT  
NIGHT... IT WASN'T BECAUSE I  
DROVE YOU OFF INTO THE SNOW...  
IT WAS THE YETI THAT KILLED  
YOU...

I'M GLAD JANET STILL BELIEVES THAT ME,  
I'M HAUNTED BY THE MEMORY OF JACK SOHNK'S  
TORTURED, MOURNFUL HOWLS DRIFTING ACROSS THE SNOW.

SNAKT!

IT'S  
TRAPPED--  
I CAN KILL  
IT--!

BUT WHEN WE GOT CLOSE  
ENOUGH FOR A GOOD LOOK  
AT THE SNOWMAN, WE  
REALIZED WE HAD NOT  
DISCOVERED THE FAULSED  
MISSING LINK...

HE WAS WRAPPED IN *SNAGGY BEAR  
SKINS* TO FIGHT THE COLD, AND HE  
HAD SIX MONTHS' GROWTH OF HAIR  
AND BEARD...

OH GOD!

...AND BACK TO  
HIS DEATH.

JANET SOHNK COULDN'T BEAR THE  
THOUGHT THAT SHE HAD BEEN  
RESPONSIBLE FOR HER HUSBAND'S  
DEATH... SO SHE CREATED AN IMAGINARY  
BEAST-MURDERER -- A YETI -- UPON  
WHOM SHE COULD TRANSFER THAT  
GUILT...

ONE THING YOU  
HAVE TO GRANT  
HER -- SHE SURE  
DIDN'T HAVE COLD  
FEET WHEN IT  
CAME TO SNOWMEN!  
WELL, ICE POSE  
IT'S TIME FOR OUR  
NEXT TRAUMA  
TALK.

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# THE DEAD HOWL AT MIDNIGHT!



CRAWL RIGHT INTO MY MORGUE, PULL UP A CADAVER AND SQUEAL WHILE I CHASE YOU WITH THIS MORBID MORGUE OF MAYHEM. RETURN WITH ME TO A DREARY PARIS NIGHT IN 1916!

IT IS SAID AMONG MORTUARIANS THAT EVEN THOUGH LIFE HAS LEFT A CORPSE, THE BODY CONTINUES TO WISH FOR MOVEMENT! AND WHEN ALL IS STILL EACH NIGHT IN THE MORTUARY, ONE CAN HEAR THE SCRAPING MOVINGS OF THOSE BODIES WITH THE STRONGEST WILL TO CONTINUE LIVING...



LOARD! HOW CAN THOSE MEN WORK IN THE MORTUARY ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?

LISTEN TO THAT, JACKIES.

YOU'D THINK THOSE DUMB FOOL CORPSES WOULD LIE QUIETLY IN THEIR ICE BOXES!

THEY MAKE MY FLESH CRAWL, PERKIE!

PROFESSOR DOMERGUE DOES NOT BELIEVE THIS DRIVEL OF RESTLESS CORPSES, NATURALLY. BUT HE HAS HIS OWN REASONS FOR BEING IN THE MORGUE THIS NIGHT! AS DO BOSS BOSSUE AND HIS WIFE NANA, CUSTODIANS OF PARIS' DUBOIS RUE MORGUE...

CAN YOU NOT HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE DEAD, PROFESSOR?

EACH LONGS TO LIVE AGAIN, IF ONLY A PART OF HIM, IN ARM, AN EYE!

QUIET IN THERE! PROFESSOR DOMERGUE TAKES ONLY THE BEST BODIES! HE CANNOT TAKE ALL OF YOU!



PROFESSOR DOMERGUE IS A MAN OF SCIENCE... A MAN WHO CAN PUT THE CORPSES OF THE DEARLY DEPARTED TO GOOD USE...



THOUGH OUR BODIES ARE FAR FROM THE BEST, PROFESSOR...

DON'T WORRY, MY FRIENDS. I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE I'LL USE YOUR BODIES SOME DAY WHEN THE TIME COMES!

SOON! IN A LABORATORY AT SORBONNE MEDICAL COLLEGE, THE MOST PERFECT CADAVERS ARE MADE READY BY PROF. ROGER DOMERGUE'S ASSISTANTS...



THIS ONE'S JUST THE RIGHT AGE FOR MY NICOLAS! HE MUST HAVE THAT HANDSOME HEAD!

"NEW" PEOPLE ARE ASSEMBLED FROM THE BEST PARTS OF FRESH CADAVERS. BUT THE CLOSEST ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO THE PROFESSOR'S PET CREATION...



ALL, NICOLAS! AFTER REMOVING YOU WILL KNOW WHAT IT IS LIKE TO LIVE THE LIFE OF A YOUNG BOY!

A NIGHT OF SCIENTIFIC LABOR, AND PROFESSOR DOMERGUE AND HIS ASSISTANTS ARE REWARDED! WITH THE EARLIEST LIGHT OF DAWN, COMES ACHIEVEMENT! FROM THE PATCH-WORK NICOLAS...



...MOVEMENT AND LIFE!

HE LIVES! NICOLAS IS ALIVE!

YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN A PERFECT MIND, FINE LOOKS AND A GOOD PHYSIQUE, NICOLAS... YOU WILL BE THE START OF A SUPER RACE!



WHEN HE'S READY, I'LL TAKE HIM TO AN ORPHANAGE AND HOPE HE'LL BE ADOPTED QUICKLY AND RAISED NORMALLY...

I'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP TRACK OF HIM THROUGH ADOPTION RECORDS.

AT THE ORPHANAGE, YOUNG NICOLAS QUICKLY CATCHES THE ATTENTION OF A COUPLE IN THEIR MID-THIRTIES... YVONNE AND PIERRE MARGOT!



NICOLAS, I WANT YOU TO ASSET TWO VERY NICE PEOPLE.

OH, YES, MADAME LA FARSE, HE'S THE ONE!



THE BIG MAROT FARM LOOKS LIKE A YOUNG BOY'S DREAM...



AND SO THE YOUNG BOY'S DREAM QUICKLY TURNS INTO A NIGHTMARE...





I WARNED  
YOU NOT TO LET THAT  
PLOW TOPPLE OVER  
AGAIN!



BLAST  
YOU, I TOLD YOU  
TO KEEP THOSE  
FURROWS  
STRAIGHT!

FROM THAT MOMENT, PIERRE MAROT GIVES NICOLAS  
LITTLE REST...



THE BOY WORKS FROM  
DAWN TO DUSK...

AND THERE IS ALWAYS THE  
THREAT OF THE WAR...

I C-CAN'T  
STAND UP... I  
HURT ALL  
OVER...



I WARN  
YOU, I WON'T PUT  
UP WITH YOUR  
MALIGNING.  
GET UP!



THE FOOD  
WAS GOOD AT THE  
ORPHANAGE. HERE I  
SHARE THE SLEOP  
THEY FEED THE  
SWINE!



HIS RAIN-ROCKED NIGHTS ARE  
SPENT IN THE MAROT STABLE.

NICOLAS IS NEVER ALLOWED INSIDE OF THE BIG  
FARMHOUSE...

WHILE IN THE COMFORT OF THEIR LARGE HOUSE...



AT LAST, AFTER THREE WEEKS OF BRUTAL MAROT ABUSE, NICOLAS CAN STAND NO MORE...



BUT NICOLAS' NIGHTMARE IS NOT YET OVER...





DURING THE TORTURED WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, NICOLAS APPEARS RESIGNED TO SLAVERY, MISTREATMENT AND CONTEMPT...





AND LATE THAT NIGHT THE AGONIZING NIGHTMARE IS OVER...



THE BOY IS LONG GONE BY THE TIME HIS BRUTAL STEPPATHER COMES FOR HIM...



AFTER A NIGHT'S REST, NICOLAS REPORTS HIS HORRENDOUS ADVENTURE TO THE MATRON AND HIS OUTRAGED FRIENDS...



THE DAY IS NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER, EXCEPT THAT AS HE LABORS UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF PIERRE MAROT, NICOLAS HAS ~~NO~~ MIXED WITH THE PAIN...





PIERRE AND TYONNE MAROT ARRANGE AGAIN THE SLAVE, KINDLY SOUNDING, HANDSOME COUPLE THEY APPEARED TO BE BEFORE...



I CAN'T BELIEVE OUR NICOLAS TOLD SUCH TERRIBLE STORIES ABOUT US, MADAME. WE'VE BEEN SO HAPPY!

WHY DOES HE LIE?

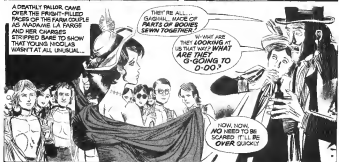
WHY DO YOU LIE, MADAME MAROT? SHOW THEM YOUR BACK, NICOLAS! COME ON, DON'T BE AFRAID!

YAAAGHHH! MY HEAD... MY ARMS... THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'VE BEEN STITCHED ON!



DISGUSTING! MADNESS! IT CAN'T BE DONE!

A DEADLY PALOR CAME OVER THE FRIGHT-FILLED FACES OF THE FARM COUPLE AS MADAME LA FARGE AND HER CHARGES STRIPPED BARE TO SHOW THAT YOUNG NICOLAS WASN'T AT ALL UNUSUAL...



THEY'RE ALL... GASHAL... MADE OF PARTS OF BODIES SEWN TOGETHER.

WHY ARE THEY LOOKING AT US THAT WAY? WHAT ARE THEY G-GOING TO D-DO?

NOW, NOW, NO NEED TO BE SCARED. IT'LL BE OVER QUICKLY.

IT HAPPENS BOBO AND NANA BOSSUE, THE CUSTODIANS OF THE MORGUE, DIED OF OLD AGE WITHIN HOURS OF EACH OTHER... ...AS FOR PIERRE AND TYONNE...



STOP THAT HOWLING! IT'S ENOUGH TO DISTURB THE LYING!

INTERNAL BODIES JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO STAY DEAD!

AHRRROOOOOO!

ME MY! AFTER THEY WORKED SO LONG AT THE MORGUE, AREN'T YOU DELIGHTED TO SEE THAT BOBO AND NANA EACH FINALLY GOT AHEAD?

THEY TOO, DIED UNEXPECTEDLY. BUT AS FATE (AND PROFESSOR DOMERGUE) WOULD HAVE IT... THE BEST OF ALL FOUR BODIES LIVED ON!



# VAMPIR'S VAULT

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT

## JAIME BROCAL

A VERY EERIE ARTIST WITH A CREEPY MIND

What can one say about a quiet, bespectacled man like Jaime Brocal, except that under all those mild mannerisms lurks the mind of a weirdo who likes to draw horror comics with strong sexual overtones?

Jaime is the illustrative half of the Sketches-Brocal team who bring you the adventures of *The Mummy* in every issue of *Eerie* magazine! He has worked for the Warren comics for two years putting forth such classics as "The Third Night of Morning" from *Creeepy* #49, and the Prince Torjo adventures from *CREEPY* and *Eerie*.

Jaime is 35, and comes from Valencia, Spain. Unlike the *Mummy*, he is married, and a daddy! Also, unlike the *Mummy*, and contrary to a popular rumor, Jaime does not

walk the streets at night in dusty old bandages! The only odd thing about him is that he gave up an exciting career in teaching to become a comic book illustrator!

The Brocal name was first seen on a comic strip when Jaime drew up a Sunday newspaper supplement in his native Valencia. He adapted the Jules Verne novels. From there, he went on to western strips, war comics, and for awhile even drew the popular "Sam" series, before making his home with the Warren magazines!

Is Jaime with Warren to stay? He likes working on *The Mummy* series. And he's hoping reaction to the strip is favorable. If not...? Well then, it's back to drawing Prince Torjo, and Steve Skeates' continuation of Aquaman in the Warren books!



Jaime Brocal's *Mummy* ought to get a real kick out of seeing this classic art from the first *Mummy*.

## WHAT'S NEWS

It was inevitable! When you readers saw the eight-page preview of our new full-color *Dracula* volume, back in the March issue of *CREEPY* and *VAMPIRELLA*, your avalanche of letters dictated that we do it. So do it, we did! *CREEPY* and *VAMPIRELLA* take one page each forward for comics, with eight pages of all-new Warren magazine super-color, beginning this month. The same luscious colors we gave you in our full-sized *Dracula* volume.

But what's this... no color for *Eerie*? *Eerie*, too, is getting a facelift. The now-popular *Dracula*, *Warren's*, *Mummy* and *Gas* strips only started a new line-up for our *Creeepy* magazine. Coming up next, you'll see *The Inmortals*, ages-old beings allowing the course of history back in the early 1900's. Then *The Spook* will haunt you in the night, with his *Eerie* adventures! It shall return from the grave once more, too, our own version of the Swamp-Dead-Man-Thing. And if *Voodoo Papa* Grenoville doesn't scare the pants off your rosiest redash, you're reading the wrong magazine! We've got a whole cryptful of characters to unleash upthysia in the months ahead. And each issue of *Eerie* will bring you a totally new line-up of *CREEPY*-crawley-stories, rotating from issue to issue. It's the variety you've come to expect from Warren Publishing... and it's true horror comics as you like them. We hope you're with us in this all-new Warren era!

# FANZINE REVIEWS

### FILE FORTY

13301 Dixon Drive  
Bowie, Maryland  
20715

### REMEMBER WHEN

1820 Nighthawk Drive  
Carrollton, Texas  
75006

### MAXOR

8075 SW 212 Street  
Miami, Florida  
33126

**F**ile Forty is all about that long-dead TV series, *Man From Uncle*. And issue #5 is one big scoop on the whole *UNCLE* craze. There's articles, a spoof entitled "he Man From COUSIN" and even comic strips featuring the *UNCLE* stars. One noteworthy strip teams *UNCLE* with *James Bond*, and some clown in a mask who calls himself *The Spirit*! It's a reprint actually, of an early strip by Warren editor, Bill DuBay, back when Duke was a good artist! A good buy for a fanzine with a 25¢ price tag!

**R**emember When is now more than a year old. But it recalls the fantasy world created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Which is to say, it is amazingly for 50¢ this 32-page capsule history of Burroughs' cinematic, literary and comic successes with Tarzan, the Mars and Pellucidar series! There's a reprint of the first Hal Foster Tarzan Sunday page, numerous Burroughs-related comics and magazine covers depicted, plus a short interview with Johnny Weissmuller.

**J**ohn Adams Richardson is quite possibly the best new artist to come onto the comic scene since Al Raymond. His work is illustrative, imaginative, and of a much higher quality than is usually found in an amateur publication. *Maxor* is an excellent example of his artistry! Unfortunately, John's writing abilities are nowhere equal to his art talent! And from a story point of view, *Maxor* falls flat on his Grade-A art! As is usual with this SFCA publication, you end up expecting more for your \$1.25.



NEW YORK  
COMIC ART  
CONVENTION







# EERIE

# PREVIEW

## OF OUR NEXT ISSUES!



**A MIDNIGHT STYLING**  
Once again, Brooks must lay down the body of Arthur Lowmyer. And the woman has his revenge planned on a fantastic scale... and a very little blood.

...all-powerful Egyptian amulet of  
...of, falls into the hands of the peo  
...ed. And the Murray walks upon  
...stry and leaves behind a path of de  
...DEATH OF A FRIEND



## DEMONS IN THE FOG



**VAMPIRELLA** AGE 26